



Shoreline

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Springtime Songs and Poems from the Shore

Oh, springtime! Residents of Delmarva are enjoying warmer weather, longer days, fresh strawberries and the first crabs of the season. With winter behind us, it is hard not to be tempted to hum or sing a little song while spring cleaning, gardening or simply taking a stroll around the neighborhood. Here are a few poems and songs that were found in the Nabb Research Center's collections celebrating spring and life on the Shore.

Springtime on the Shore

W.C. Thurston

From *The Eastern Shore in Song and Story* (1938)

When you hear a gentle rapping-
As of water softly lapping,
Like a friend or neighbor tapping,
Tapping lightly on your door;
When this old familiar token-
By its mystery has spoken,
That the winter's back is broken,
It is springtime on the Shore!

When you hear a gentle humming,
Like soft guitars a-thrumming,
To the tune of "we are coming, coming,
To play around your door;"
When a burst of song is ringing
From throats in gladness singing;
When the birds are homeward winging,
It is springtime on the Shore.

When your heart leaps up in gladness-
To forget its pain and sadness,
And make merry in the madness
That is just outside your door;
Then you know without a doubt-
That old winter's down and out,
And with glad exultant shout-
It is springtime on the Shore.

When there comes a peaceful feeling,
O'er your senses softly stealing,
As if vesper bells were pealing
Their music 'cross the moor;

When the lights are flashing clear-
With hope and love and cheer;
And our eager hearts are whispering
That God is very near,
It is springtime on the Shore.

The following poem was found in a small volume titled *A Sketch of the Early History of Wicomico County and Salisbury, MD*, written by Maria Louise Ellegood in 1923 for the Wicomico Woman's Club. We found this delightful, and hope that you will also. The volume does not make clear if the poem was written by Ellegood or another author, however. As such, if you have any information about this poem, please let us know by calling 410-543-6312 or sending an e-mail to rcdhac@salisbury.edu.

Here's to the Land where the Evergreens grow
In the summer's sun and the winter's snow.
Here's to the Land where the Oyster thrives
Where the Terrapin crawls and the
Wild Duck flies;
Where the Crab abounds in
Chesapeake Waters,
The pride of Maryland's Sons and Daughters.
Here's to the Land where Skies are bluest
Home ties are strongest; Hearts are truest.
Here's to the Sweetest Land I know
The dear Home Land – The Eastern Sho'!

This was found in the October 10, 1958 edition of *Princess Anne's Marylander and Herald* under the headline of "Shore Once Had Own State Song." It was written by Dr. L.P. Bowen, a Presbyterian minister from Princess Anne. The newspaper reported that he died at the age of 100 in 1933, which would have made him a young man during the Eastern Shore secession movements of the 1830s and 1850s. Perhaps this was to have been the state song if the movement had been successful. Several verses have been omitted due to space limitations, but the entire piece can be read at the Nabb Research Center.

Song of the Shore

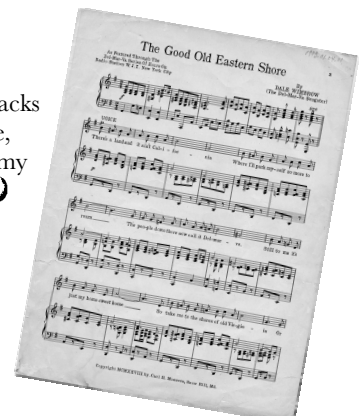
(to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland")

Of fairest climes from East to West
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore,
Thou art the dearest and the best,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore;
Between the peaceful shades to rest,
My native haunts serene and blest,
Ah, here I build my woodland nest,
Eastern Shore, my Eastern Shore.

I've drifted far new scenes to seek,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore,
By river side, on mountain peak,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore;
But give me back each grove creek,
From Ocean strand to Chesapeake,
And I will still thy glories speak,
Eastern Shore, my Eastern Shore.

In peace which no disturber mars,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore,
'Neath azure skies and restful stars,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore;
I want to sleep immune from cares,
With saints of old Colonial years.
The Graveyards of the Pioneers,
Eastern Shore, my Eastern Shore.

There never were such dainties known,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore,
Such luxuries in any zone,
Eastern Shore, old Eastern Shore;
Her beaten biscuits stand alone,
Her clams and
oysters all
her own,
Her diamond backs
and yellow pone,
Eastern Shore, my
Eastern Shore. ♪



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"We're History... Without You"

Ongoing: Exhibit

"Shifting Sands, Changing Tides: The Story of Assateague Village, VA"

The exhibit highlights the story of Assateague Village, VA, a small fishing community on the southern tip of Assateague Island. The village bloomed in the late 19th century and was inhabited until the late 1920s. The display highlights how technology in conjunction with natural resources both gave birth to and destroyed a small community on the Eastern Shore. The exhibit is designed to demonstrate the interrelation between our environment and our communities, and how changes to our environment have an impact on social structures. Look for an article to accompany the exhibit in the June *Shoreline*. 



Upcoming Events Around the Shore:

April-October 2008

Julia A. Purnell Museum Exhibit

Exhibits depicting religious life on the Eastern Shore
Snow Hill, MD

Information: 410-632-0515 or www.purnellmuseum.com

Saturday, May 10, 2008

Native American Archeology Day at Handsell

The event features Daniel Firehawk Abbott, a direct descendant of the Nanticoke inhabitants of Maryland's Eastern Shore, who presents his "Origins" program.
Vienna, MD, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

Information: 410-228-8981, www.restorehandsell.org

Saturday, May 10, 2008

Historic Church Tour

Visit the many historic churches in Snow Hill to learn the history and architecture of the area.

Julia A. Purnell Museum

Information: 410-632-0515

